

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the Last Day I shall rise out of the earth. And I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God. Whom I myself shall see, and my eyes shall behold; this my hope is laid up in my bosom." And we challenged death and the grave; and we asked O Death, where is now thy sting? O Grave, where is now thy victory? There is no victory; there is no sting." The souls of the just are in the hands of God, and the torment death shall not touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure was taken for misery; and their going away from us for utter destruction; but they are in peace, and their hope is full of immortality." These are the words with which St. Paul would urge us to console one another; not with the hollow-sounding words of the pagan who has no hope.

But I have not travelled over 200 miles merely to speak words of consolation to the Archbishop; he knows these words better than I. I have come for a holier purpose—to beg your sympathetic prayers for his mother, who was for over 21 years a dear, devoted, and zealous parishioner and friend of mine. Friendship and Charity laid their constraint upon me to comply with Father Hurley's wish that I should speak to you to-day. And now that I am speaking, I am tempted to recount to you her deeds of charity; to tell how she labored for the good of the parish for close upon half a century, the number of miles she walked to gather funds for the first little church, and the various activities which enrolled her name in the records of the parish. But I put aside the temptation, and will do only what she would wish me to do. I will ask in her behalf the aid of your pious prayers.

The angels veil their faces before the All-Holy God, in spite of their tremendous sanctity; and few mortals leave this earth without carrying with them some of its stains. Oh, how they welcome Purgatory. They would not enter Heaven before their souls were purified from the dross of earth. No sooner has the soul left the body and darted to the feet of God than it feels itself seized and scorched and shrivelled; consumed, yet quickened by His keen sanctity. It cannot endure His glance:

"Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess't
Of its Sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day."

And the golden prison of Purgatory, in mercy and love, opens its gate, and the angels of Purgatory receive the poor soul, and gently, gently lower it into the penal waters. Deep and deeper it sinks into the dim distance, and there begins its night of trial.

Lone, nor forlorn, wrote Cardinal Newman. Yes, thanks be to God, not forlorn; for here upon earth those who were her fellow-pilgrims and fellow-laborers will remember her, and offer those heartfelt prayers, that will bring her many a season of refreshment, light, and peace. Lovingly will they use the golden key of Charity and the silver key of Prayer, for these alone can reopen the prison gate. Lovingly will they attend the Holy Mass, which soothes, as nothing else can soothe, the suffering souls. When they see the chalice lifted up for adoration they will know that it holds the Blood which flowed from the too liberal breast of Christ, and they will beseech It to overflow upon the poor soul that is ever calling upon its friends:

"Miseremini mei, miseremini mei, saltem vos amici mei quia manus Dei tetigit me." Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me.

And the merciful Christ, Who has compassion on the suffering, will hear the prayers that are offered round His altar, and the prayers of the just who are waiting for the holy souls to swell their song of praise in Heaven, and He will hasten His process of purification. "He shall sit, refining the silver." You know what the refiner does: He takes the lump of silver, with all its dross and alloy, as it came from the earth, and thrusts it into his thrice-heated crucible; and then sits down before it. He watches, and watches, never moving from his place; he knows there will come a moment when the refining will be completed, beyond which it must not remain. That moment comes when the silver reflects his own gaze, and he can see himself as in a mirror. The souls in Purgatory are in a thrice-heated crucible, heated by the fire of the prison, the fire of charity that rises from souls who pray for the dead, and the fire of love that comes from the waiting souls in Heaven. Christ, the refiner, looks into His crucible. He beholds it eating away the dross from the silvery soul, but the vapors of the dross still becloud it. Again and again He peers through the cloud. He hastens and hastens the process; He heats the crucible afresh by the new prayers His promptings win from you. Ah, glory to God! Backward and backward roll the vapors, and down deep in the crystal soul God sees His face. It will be an act of great charity, and no great burden, to add the name of the Archbishop's mother to the list of those for whom you have already promised to pray.

DIocese OF AUCKLAND

(By telegraph, from our own correspondent.)

July 21.

His Lordship Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch, who underwent an operation at the Mater Misericordiae Hospital last week for eye trouble, is still a patient there, but is progressing favorably towards recovery.

The annual meeting of the Auckland Diocesan Council of the Catholic Federation was held on last Wednesday evening. Besides representatives of many parish committees, a number of the clergy were in attendance. The following office-bearers were appointed: President, Dr. Maskell; vice-presidents, Messrs. T. Molloy and P. Burns; treasurer, Mr. Armstrong. The position of secretary is being temporarily filled pending a permanent appointment.

Special references to the peace celebrations were made on last Sunday by Father O'Byrne at St. Patrick's Cathedral, and by Father Skinner (late chaplain with the Expeditionary Force) at St. Benedict's Church, Newton.

To-day, being "Children's Day" in connection with the peace celebrations, the children of the local Catholic schools were entertained to a matinee at the Arcadia Picture Theatre. His Lordship Bishop Cleary, who was also present throughout the afternoon, at an interval addressed the young people in terms appropriate of the occasion, emphasising the bravery and sacrifice of the soldiers of the Allies in bringing about peace with victory.

Napier

(From our own correspondent.)

July 18.

Mr. J. P. Kenny, secretary of the Napier Harbor Board, who has recently been an inmate of the Napier Hospital, has recovered sufficiently to return to his home.

A successful euchre party, under the auspices of the Hibernian Society, was held in the Foresters' Hall